

H O R A C E,

LIB. III. ODE III. *Imitated.*

1706.

THE Man that's Resolute and Just,
Firm to his Principles and Trust,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears can blind;
No Passions his Designs controll,
Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
Can shake his steady Mind.

Not Parties for Revenge engag'd,
Nor threat'nings of a Court enrag'd,
Nor Storms where Fleets despair;
Not Thunder pointed at his Head;
The shatter'd World may strike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

From this the *Grecian* Glory rose,
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes,
Of this their Poets sing;
These were the Paths the Heroes trod,
These Arts made *Hercules* a God,
And Great *Nassau* a King.

Firm on the rolling Deck he stood,
Unmov'd beheld the breaking Flood
With black'ning Storms combin'd;
Virtue, he cry'd, will force its Way,
The Winds may for a while delay,
Nor alter our Design.

The Men whom selfish Hopes inflame,
Or Vanity allures to Fame,
May be to Fears betray'd;
But here a Church for Succour flies,
Insulted Law expiring lyes,
And loudly calls for Aid.

Yes, *Britons*, yes! with ardent Zeal
I come, the wounded Heart to heal,
The wounding Hand to bind!
See, Tools of arbitrary Sway,
And Priests, like Locusts, scour away
Before the Western Wind!

Law

Law shall again her Force resume;
 Religion, clear'd from Clouds of *Rome*,
 With brighter Rays advance:
 The *British* Fleet shall rule the Deep;
 The *British* Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,
 Strike Terror into *France*.

Nor shall these Promises of Fate
 Be limited to my short Date;
 When I from Cares withdraw,
 Still shall the *British* Scepter stand,
 Shall flourish in a Female Hand,
 And to Mankind give Law.

She shall Domestick Foes unite,
 Monarchs beneath her Flags shall fight,
 Whole Armies drag her Chain;
 She shall lost *Italy* restore,
 Shall make th' Imperial Eagle soar,
 And give a King to *Spain*.

But, know, These Promises are giv'n,
 These great Rewards Impartial Heav'n
 Does on these Terms decree;
 That, strictly punishing Mens Faults,
 You let their Consciences and Thoughts
 Rest absolutely Free.

Let no false Politicks confine
 In narrow Bounds your vast Design,
 To make Mankind unite;
 Nor think it a sufficient Cause
 To punish Men by penal Laws,
 For not Believing Right.

Rome, whose blind Zeal destroys Mankind,
Rome's Sons shall your Compassion find,
 Who ne'er Compassion knew:
 By Nobler Actions theirs condemn;
 For what has been reproach'd in Them,
 Can ne'er be prais'd in You.

These Subjects suit not with the Lyre;
 Muse, to what Height dost thou aspire,
 Pretending to rehearse
 The Thoughts of Gods, and godlike Kings?
 Cease, cease to lessen lofty Things,
 By mean, ignoble Verse!